

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

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Edited by ROBERT HERRING

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EDITORIAL

1941

MIDSUMMER MEANS THUNDER in the air. . . . In May, when a storm put the telephone out of order, I was pleased to find myself as frightened of thunder as ever I had been as a child. Bombs had made no difference to that, and the thought made me feel there remains much that bombs cannot destroy. . . . It is thundery again; the windows, wide open for air, let in not claps—but cheers, and roundabout music. Midsummer means Wakes.

Over the week-end, lorries went up the road. Usually, they are khaki or camouflaged. But these were fair-lorries and caravans. The rides and the stalls are set up, the organ blares. Midsummer . . . but no holidays, no trips to the sea, no chars-à-banc. Wakes for four days, and the organ plays *Ça, C'est Paris*. . . .

Last midsummer, we had barely got used to France having fallen. Now we fight France successfully, and the Germans fight Russia . . . two years ago, on a hot summer night, searching the air, from Chicago I heard of the German-Russian pact. That word may be marked "obsolete", as obsolete as the tune that comes

through the window, and turns in my head. My head seems a roundabout, its thoughts as evasive and recurring as the animals that bob up and down. I try to shut out the noise from the window, by concentrating on a statement gravely recorded in to-day's newspaper. "The London Fire Brigade walking championship will be held over a four-mile course at Dulwich Village, starting at 3 p.m."

The walkers are whizzed away as my errant eye catches another announcement. According to custom, the churchwardens of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, recently waited on the Lord Mayor to pay the annual rent of one red rose for property in Seething Lane. . . .

The lane and the church are now in ruins, and "even the cushion on which the rose was offered was borrowed". . . How reconcile such statements, I reflect, with Midsummer, 1941? In Midsummer last year, I was in London when there came the first air-raid warning since the declaration of war. We did not know then what lay in wait for us. Nor did we know that when we emerged from an autumn, a winter, and a spring of raids, there might be few churches but there would still be a red rose. Well, no . . . I think we did. We knew that it wasn't much use bombing us because it is part of our character not to let anything make any difference. Such a trait has its disadvantages in war, as was shown in Crete, to take the latest example. War demands, above all else, exaggeration. The history of warfare is a study in exaggeration. At this moment, as I write, there is proceeding between Russians and Germans the biggest battle the world has ever seen. More men are engaged, more tanks and more planes,

than ever before. But the result will be much the same as in smaller battles. War is exaggeration let loose, and the English habit of understatement dislikes exaggeration. It regards it as sensationalism, and sensationalism is not to be believed. It is only by gradual accumulation that we can achieve parity without seeming guilty of exaggeration. It is gradually, so gradually that perhaps we don't notice it, that in the air we swing from defence to attack. It was dislike of exaggeration which enabled us to continue with our lives and duties until it could be said, in under-statement, that being bombed "wasn't good enough" and that "it's time we did something about it". . . .

Having shut out the music, I turn on the radio, to hear of the Russian front. I hear the same boasting baffling communiqués which have been put out in earlier campaigns in this war . . . people are always ready to pounce on poets for their obscurity, but is it anything to worry about, compared with the obscurity of politics, of warfare? And warfare exists, I observe, because words cannot be depended on. A "pact" means nothing, "neutral" is doubtful—the whole science and paraphernalia of war, which is exaggeration, exist because, originally, some nation's and some leader's word could not be depended on. . . . I pull myself up; I cannot again say that the writer is guardian of the word, and the word the wafer of the soul; I have said it so often in these pages. I dismount from that high-horse on my mind's merry-go-round, and open the window for air.

Two tunes stream across now, in rivalry, a march and a waltz. An ice-cream van goes by the window, one of the old gay and gilded hokey-pokey carts. It is

true, it is mounted now on a Morris—but that Morris has had its headlights displaced by two carriage-lamps, and those lamps are very properly filled with rather faded artificial flowers and dried grass. “So there *are* ices,” I think, being used, in Midsummer, 1941, to the absence of things rather than to their presence—no fruit, no sweets, no chocolate, no cigarettes. But there is, I am told, chocolate at the fair—you throw pennies on to small slabs, or try to; and you may win ten cigarettes at the shooting booth. You can’t win a coco-nut, because coco-nuts are scarce, and these have to be kept to be used again. But you can throw feather-weight balls at them, knowing they’re too firmly lodged in their cups to fall out . . . you can have the “fun of the fair”, not because it is Merry England, but because it is Mining England and Wakes-time is break-time . . . mining means more men in mufti than in many parts of England. You might “not know there was a war on”, if you happen not to see the policeman’s gas-mask. Nor to know that the proprietor and his wife were killed in their caravan, by a bomb.

The organ, having flirted wistfully with *I do like to be beside the seaside*, turns to *Tipperary*. I could wish these old songs might be left where they are, for they start my mind off again . . . there is a record on my machine of Elsie Janis singing one of her “hits” from *Hullo America*, in the last war. It is *Après la Guerre*, a duet with Owen Nares, and that actor has a line to the effect that one of the pleasures to be enjoyed, “after the war,” will be that Winston Churchill can buy a new funny hat. . . . Another relic from the same collection lets me hear the same Miss Janis say “And now, I will sing it as a Hun aviator—

“ Give me the moonlight,
Give me some bombs,
And leave the rest to me.
Give me a church or two. . . ,”

I turn it off. So they were doing it then, were they? I had forgotten those raids of the last war. But it has all happened before. Two hundred years ago an Archbishop of Canterbury could declare that “the country is running into the utmost danger, through the boldness of our enemy, the treachery of some and the lethargy of others”. The Countess of Winchelsea, forty years earlier, could write of Death as we would of Hitler to-day—

“ A formal Siege disdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
..... and he
Pretends to make a solid peace:
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be.
For if his Armies are withdrawn to-day
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable and clear,
His Troops return some unexpected way.”

That much, as we look ahead, facing autumn, we may be sure of. Our spirits may be raised by the present lull, but none of those, riding round and round at the fair, or up and down, are hoodwinked. It has happened before, and it will happen again. And it will always be as unpleasant as man can devise. When the killing lust is on, man can be relied on to make war as dastardly as possible. Between the boiling lead of the Middle Ages and the bombs of to-day, there is not much to choose. Modern methods of destruction are more

elaborate, more expensive, more exaggerated. If it is suggested that, perhaps, it is a little remarkable to have Wakes, walking championships, and one red rose, on a borrowed cushion, after almost a year of raids, the answer is that the raids, as a lady of eighty said to me during one, are "not very nice," but that it would have driven an Elizabethan crazy to endure the noise of our cities in peace-time alone. "Things are no worse than they were—but as bad as ever"; that explanation, baffling enough when offered as explanation, is made more bewildering by the evident comfort Englishmen derive from the last four words. Beyond that you can't go—not, at least, in thundery weather, with a roundabout wheezing and thoughts set flying in your mind like roundabout animals to be chased, and the ground it is held on called Hohenlinden.

For four days and four evenings the music. For longer than that the heat. And, through the pounding of *Ça, C'est Paris*, the news of Paderewski's death. . . . Paderewski . . . a reminder that there have been benefits from having been born in this age.

The noise is too much. I slam down the window. I open the door. I go out to think and to weed. To rake, to dig, to hoe. To wage, in short, a losing and exaggerated battle against pests, drought, rabbits, and those fowls of the air which *The Times* no doubt would call "our feathered friends", since that it has taken to writing of fish as "the finny tribe" and, though its obituary was in better taste than of late, referred to Padereswki as "Prime Minister of the piano". English, my English! That such a phrase should see print.

DIARY OF A DOCKYARD WORKMAN

*(Extracts from the Year-book of Thomas Murphy,
1829-79)*

Edited by GORDON JEFFERY

I

A FEW MONTHS ago I learned of the existence of a diary which had been kept by a dockyard workman a hundred years ago. I have since been able to see this diary and to study it; and I feel that some extracts from and comments on it may be of interest.

In the first place I must explain that the word "diary" is not strictly correct: "year-book" would perhaps be more appropriate, as the contents of the small, clasp notebook are merely short summaries of the years from 1829-1879, many of them of only half-a-dozen lines.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the authenticity of the diary which was actually unearthed when an old ship-building shop was demolished. The notebook itself is well preserved, and the handwriting extremely neat and legible, although in the later years it deteriorates noticeably. The number of ships launched each year; the holidays given the men; wages received; time lost, etc., is detailed carefully in each entry but, unfortunately, references to the writer himself; to his personal views; to his family and so on, are very few. But at the end of the notebook there is a table of the eleven persons who apparently comprised his family and from this and repeated careful readings of the year-book, I have put together the following.

2

Thomas Murphy was a wood-caulker employed in H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth. His notebook begins in 1829:

"Lost half a day 27 May. The *Foy*, *Rapid* and *Recruit* was launched 17 of August."

He was then in his apprenticeship and apparently received no wages until 1833, when the yearly total was £14. (As he was pensioned in 1870, in all probability at the age of 60, and was apparently born in August, 1810, he began serving his seven-year apprenticeship when he was 15.) From 1834, when his yearly total of wages was £51 18s., his pay gradually increased until by 1843 it reached its final average annual total of about £70. There were, however, two periods of improvement. In 1855 we read:

"... Greatest part of the mechanic employed ¹ till half past eight to get the Baltic fleet ready February."

Actually the men were on overtime until 1857:

"... Day work (after the Russian War) commenced 23 March."

During this period Murphy's wages reached their peak figure of £103 4s. 4d. in 1856.

Again, from 1859 onwards he was a leading man (charge-man) and his wages improved to an average of a little under £90. He was finally, to use his own word, superannuated in 1870, with a pension of £42 5s., but apparently this was not sufficient for him to live on, and we find that in 1871 he got a job at Southampton from

¹ Here, as elsewhere, I have retained Murphy's spelling even where it is obviously incorrect, as it is in some cases, apart from the slight differences of time. There is, also, an almost complete absence of punctuation marks. In some cases I have remedied this to improve its readability.

19 June to 3 October. He left Southampton again in March, 1872, but, in April, "caulked the *Elizabeth* for Mr. Read."

He continued to augment his pension with odd jobs until the year of his death, 1879. This was the most prosperous period of his life. In 1874, for instance, he earned no less than £119 11s. 11d. !

There was another side to the picture, of course. In 1847 :

"... Flour 2s. 2d. pr. gallon. Potatoes 1s. pr. gallon. Bacon 10d. per lb. Beef and mutton 8 pence and 9 pence per lb. . . ."

On the other hand, in 1854, during the Crimean War of course, in January coal cost 3s. 3d. per cwt. Many people must have been bitterly cold that year.

3

Thomas Murphy worked in the dockyard for about forty-five years. In that time, according to his notebook, which is very detailed in these matters, he was sick once :

"1838 . . . Home sick from the 9 July till the 15 July."

No reason is given for the illness, nor what it was. Unkind people might try to link it up with his marriage, somewhen in his working life, to Isabella Gater. He makes no reference to this in his actual year-book, but she is the next name to his in the list of the Murphy family at the end of the notebook.

Bearing in mind the small wages and his large family, it is not surprising to discover that in his dockyard working life he only lost a total of seven working days. Most of this consisted of half-days, and, unless it was arranged during his week's sickness, his marriage almost certainly accounted for one of these, and, in all

probability, the birth of his nine children for some of the others. But he never gives a reason for the time lost.

In addition to the days lost and sick he had 21 holidays given him, excluding Christmas Day, which was apparently given the men if they worked extra time during the week previous. General and county elections were the most frequent reasons for a holiday. How eagerly the men must have longed for the years, as in 1857, when the two elections took place :

"... General Election 28 March. Elvinstone 1520 Baring 1500 Monck 1495. The people of the yard had a day and a half given them. County Election 4 April. Dutton and Jervoice returned without opposition. The people of the yard had a day given them."

The other reasons for holidays are very interesting. Here are a few of them :

1840. "Victoria Queen of England was married on the 10 February to Albert Prince of Saxeoberg and Gotha a holiday was given to the workmen of the Dockyards."

Victoria and Albert must have been very popular with the "people of the yard" for in 1842 :

"Queen Victoria and Prince Albert arrived at Portsmouth Dockyard 28 February and departed on the 1 March. The people of the yard went home when the Queen left the yard and had a half holiday the next day."

1847. "... Admiral Sherreff, Superintendent of Portsmouth dock was buried December 8. The people of the yard had a half day given them."

But 1851 was the best year of all.

"... The glaß and iron buildings was opened for the exhibition of the arts and industry of all nations May 1. ... The workmen in the Dockyard had four days given them to visit the exhibition. ..."

Later in the same entry we read :

"... The Great Exhibition closed 11 October. 109915 people in the Exhibition in one day. ..."

1862 was another good year for the workmen. Three days were given to the people of the yard to visit another exhibition and :

"... The Prince of Wales attained his majority on Sunday the 9 of November. The people in the yard had a holiday the day following."

Very definitely—" God Bless the Prince of Wales ! "

4

Most of the entries in Murphy's notebook are directly concerned with the dockyard. It is interesting to compare them with to-day and not all are detrimental to his time. As for instance :

1834. "... The workmen in the dockyard was mustered by Lord Auckland when first lord of the admiralty September 4 and on the 6 September presented a petition to him for an advance of wages and to abolish the system of clafsing. ..."

No mention is made of the outcome of this petition, but apparently it was ignored, for we read that, in 1836 :

"... A publick meeting was held at the green row rooms Portsmouth 7 December to petition the Lords of the Admiralty to abolish the system of clafsing and to give the workmen an increase of wages in the dock-yards."

Again no mention is made of the outcome and no further mention occurs in the notebook. However, somewhen in the years between, for the shipwrights and caulkers, at any rate, the vexed system of classification was abolished, only to be adopted again by a disastrous

majority vote of the men concerned (those who did bother to vote) almost exactly a hundred years after Thomas Murphy and his workmates held their meeting in the Green Row rooms.

Naturally, in other ways, the conditions have vastly improved. Particularly in the regularizing of the payment of piece-work and overtime. In Thomas Murphy's time this apparently was dependent upon the whim of the dockyard officials. For example :

"1841. . . . Worked on the *Apollo* on sunday 3 October received 6s. for the days pay."

But, in 1846, the Sunday pay had decreased :

"... Worked on the *Crocodile* on sunday 18 October received 5s. 4d. for the days pay."

There must have been some schemes of piece-work and job price contract but they are not clearly defined. However :

"1850. . . . The *Immogonda Sarah Clasina*, Dutch merchant ship was caulked by 30 hands in one day and half in Febu. Received 8s. 6d. pay."

and "1864. . . . Received two shillings the 9 sep for four days over exertion on the *Royal Sovereign*."

5

It is idle to make comparison. But it is surprising to read of the vast number of ships launched each year. Three is a fair average. Nowadays—in peace time at any rate—for one ship to leave the slip every two years is the average. But even in Murphy's time there were periods of slump.

"1865. . . . All the building slips in the yard vacant in March."

The ships were built entirely of wood, of course, until

1867, when . . . “*Avon* the first composite ship built in Portsmouth dockyard launched.”

And, in 1869, “Mr. Childers first Lord of the Admiralty laid the Keel of the *Devastation* the first Iron ship to be built in Portsmouth dockyard Nov. 11. The people of the yard worked three dinner hours and had a holiday 20 nov. for the Admiralty inspection.”

A more interesting comparison is the reference to the dockyard battalion :

“1847. . . . Dockyard battalion commenced drill 10 May.”

“1848. . . . Her majesty laid the finishing stone of the bason, after which the dockyard battalion (2200) had a cold dinner in the new boat house.”

“1854. . . . New clothing served to the Dockyard Battalion June. The Militia commenced garrison duty July 14th.”

and finally, “1857. . . . The Dockyard battalion disbanded in December.”

To-day, in the face of a possible Nazi invasion, a Dockyard section of the Home Guard has, of course, been formed.

6

There are few references to activities outside of the dockyard : in the main, what references there are deal with political events, both national and international : fire and crime, particularly murders and suicides, both of which seem to have obsessed Thomas Murphy for some reason : and, of course, war. But he remains curiously detached from these references and it is idle to attempt to draw any picture of his views and beliefs from them. For instance, we read :

"1868. . . . Great discharge in the dockyard March and April (Tory Government)."

But, lest we be lured by this into assuming that he was possessed of Whig sympathies, we turn a few pages and find, with splendid impartiality, this entry :

"1870. . . . Great reductions in the dockyard June and July. Whig Government."

Of course, it may well have been that a workman so careful and methodical as Murphy in the tabling of his wages and lost days, in the recording of the work which he did and so on, might have seen through both the Whig and Tory policies and rejected them both as being equally useless as far as workmen were concerned.

Scattered through the book are other brief references to political events. The following are a few of the more interesting of these.

"1833. . . . Donna Maria Queen of Portugal left Portsmouth for Lisbon 16 September in the *Soho* steam boat of London."

"1864. . . . March 11 Garibaldi visited the Dockyard."

"1865. . . . President Lincon was shot in a theater 11 April by a man the name of Booth."

"1867. . . . The Emperor Maximilian shot by the Mexicans in June. . . . Allen, Larkin and Gould, three Fenians, was hung at Manchester 23 November for the murder of Beth a policeman. . . . Commenced swearing in the dock yard men for special constables 28 Dec. The Fenian panic."

"1869. . . . Emigrants left the Dockyard in the *Crocodile* for Canada in April. The First ship."

"1872. . . . Municipal Election by ballot Nov. 1." and, finally,

“ 1874. . . . General Election borough of Portsmouth
3 Feb. The first General election by ballot.”

7

The references to crime are very interesting. Suicides and murders appear to have been very common, and fires frequent. Here are a few extracts :

“ 1835. . . . A soldier of the 37 Regiment was murdered by a marine on Southsea Common on the night of the 2 September. . . .”

That same year the wages of thirty men, a grand sum of £34 1s. 6d., was stolen from the caulkers' cabin and, on November 2, “ George Henby Shipwright fell down dead in the dock yard by running to the yard to save his call.”

(But men still do that to-day ! I remember a fitter I knew of doing the same thing when I was in my apprenticeship.)

“ 1856. A large meoter appeared 7 Jany at 5 oclock P.M.’

Whether the large “ meoter ” was responsible or not, the year 1856 seemed to have been singularly oppressed by murders and other forms of sudden death, for we read on . . .

“ The doctor on board the Convict ship was murdered by a convict Feb 8. A man by the name of Ansell shot his wife at Landport (a district in Portsmouth. G.J.) in Feb was tried for murder and acquitted. . . . Fatal boiler explosion in the Dockyard April 5. . . . A woman fell from the *Harrier* brow into the dock and was killed 14 June. Laphorn Shipwright Apprentice fell into No. 5 Dock, and was killed 28 June. . . . Fire in Queen Street, Buckle Draper, 17 Sep. . . . Three Italians hung

at Winchester for piracy and Murder 23 Dec. . . . Geo. Tull Shipwright fell into No. 9 Dock and was killed. Dec. 27."

"1860. . . . A man by the name of Witworth murdered his wife and six children and attempted his own life in the Isle of Wight. May 17."

"1861. . . . Great fire in London commenced June 22 in Tooley St. lasted 20 days. . . . Serious railway accident in the Clayton tunnel 31 persons killed 25 August."

"1863. . . . A woman and six children burnt to death in College Street. Dennises mill burnt Jan. 1. A fire at Abrams in Queen Street. Jan 11."

(A small gem of unconscious humour follows this last entry, incidentally. "The People of the yard cheered Admiral Grey when he left the yard Feb. 28"!)

In the next three years there are five more murders, five men are hung for piracy, and "a man by the name of Piper transported for 15 years".

In 1869, "A man by the name of Duggin and his wife murdered their six children and then committed suicide by poison 28 June." And, later, a mysterious Mr. Peabody "was brought from Westminster Abbey 11 Dec and put on board H.M. Ship *Monarch* for conveyance to America."

8

Naturally, references to war figure largely in the course of fifty years. War between France and Germany, war between France and Austria, war between Russia and Turkey, civil war in Canada, and revolutions in France get passing references. But there are more detailed entries with regard to the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; some—such as affected working hours and

pay—have already been noted. For the rest, I find the following the most interesting :

“ 1854. . . . A day of humiliation and prayer to pray for the success of our arms in the war with Russia. 26 April.”

and, in 1855, another “ day of humiliation and prayer for the success of our arms in the war with Russia. 21 March.”

The prayers were answered and in 1856 the “ Proclamation of peace was read in the yard May 3.” Later in the same year “ a dinner given to the soldiers and sailors that fought in the Crimea 16 Sept.: to the officers on the 17 Sept”.

But peace did not last for long, and the 7th October, 1857, was “ kept as a day of humiliation and prayer to pray for success of our arms in India.”

There are no further references, however, to “ the success of our arms in India ”. That was a long way away and, apparently, in no way concerned the people of the yard.

9

Finally, an attempt to draw some picture of the writer himself. Obviously he was a long way superior in education to the overwhelming mass of his fellow workmen. He kept his year-book and was informed on happenings in the world and in Parliament. He was a conscientious workman. In 1867, for instance, we read : “ Answer from the Admiralty stating that the method that I proposed for stopping leaks in Iron clads was already known in the service. Sep.”

That is all : no expression of disappointment. He had sent his proposal, it had been rejected, and he carried

on with his work. As so often before, I wish he had been just a little bit more informative.

As I have noted before, references to his wife and children are very few. But those that do exist prove him to be, for the period, an extremely enlightened and sacrificing father. Walter, his son, was apprenticed in 1863 but, apparently, was attracted towards the sea and, in 1867, joined the navy on board the *Duke of Wellington*. Fred was more ambitious, and "commenced business March 1". (The sum of £96 is mentioned after this entry. Possibly the cost of Fred's business.) Incidentally, on the 27th May that same year, Fred married. Finally, the sole remaining reference to his children: "1870. . . . Jessie apprenticed 31st Oct."

The diary ends with a brief entry for the year 1879. The writing is very poor and a little difficult to read:

"Gun bursted on Board the *Thunderer* January. T.E.M. 13 Jan."

TRICHINELLA

By GEOFFREY LAPAGE

ROUND ABOUT LAST Christmas, and during the weeks that followed it, the doctors in an English industrial town began to notice that some of their patients who were apparently suffering from influenza developed an unusual symptom; their eye-lids swelled up rather suddenly, and closed their eyes, the swelling lasting about ten days, and sometimes parts of their faces and necks and even other parts of their bodies also swelled. The "rheumaticky" pains which had been ascribed to influenza were also often very severe and some patients even showed symptoms resembling those of typhoid fever, sleepy sickness, and meningitis. So serious and protean were the symptoms recorded that experts were called in and speedily they discovered that an outbreak of the comparatively rare disease called Trichiniasis (or Trichinosis) had occurred. The publication in the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet* of the results of the investigation of the outbreak coincided with a similar small outbreak, affecting only five patients, at a small country town. Subsequent issues of the medical journals emphasized the comparative rarity of the disease in these islands and reminded us of previous small outbreaks in Pembrokeshire in 1922, 1930, and 1939.

The reasons for the comparative rarity of the disease in these islands are evident when we realize its cause. Trichiniasis is caused by *Trichinella spiralis*, one of the smallest of the smooth, cylindrical worms called Roundworms or Nematoda, the thread- or pinworm of children being also a member of this order which will be familiar to most parents. The adult male and

female *Trichinellæ* can live in many warm-blooded animals, man, the pig, and the rat being their usual hosts. They do not grow bigger than a sixth of an inch or so in length and they live in the walls of the small intestine, where each female lays 1,500 to 1,800 living embryos into the lymph spaces there. These embryos are only about one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch long when they are born and they are carried by the blood and lymph all over the body. They settle down, however, only in the striated muscles and especially in those that are continually in use, most of the embryos being found in the midriff, in the muscles between the ribs, and in the muscles of the tongue, the eye, the larynx, and the neck. Possibly they settle here because they need the glycogen or its derivatives which are abundant in all voluntary muscles. Each embryo bores into a muscle fibre, coiling inside it into a characteristic spiral and growing there in three weeks or so to its full length of about one-twenty-fifth of an inch. The muscle fibre is destroyed, but the host's tissues react against the parasite by forming a capsule of connective tissue round it, which is complete in about nine weeks after the embryo has arrived in the muscle. Eighteen months or so after the arrival of the parasite in the muscle the capsule has become calcified, so that the embryo is shut up completely in a chalky nodule, inside which it can live for twenty to thirty years. Even if it could get out of the capsule it could not grow into an adult worm inside the same host. It must wait until the muscle of its host is eaten by another suitable animal, when the gastric juice of that animal, digesting the muscle, sets free the embryo. In one to five days after it has been set free the embryo has become sexually mature and is

ready to bore into the intestinal wall of its new host and to lay there a new batch of embryos.

The life cycle of this parasite is thus of the "closed" type; the parasite never enters the outside world, in which it could not live; it is so closely adapted to parasitic life that it depends for its existence upon the consumption by one suitable host of the flesh of another. It follows that the flesh of herbivorous animals, like the flesh of cold-blooded animals, in which the parasite cannot live, is not infested naturally, so that such human foods as mutton, beef, rabbit, and fish are not sources of trichiniasis. Pigs infest themselves by eating the infested flesh of rats or by being fed, against the Public Health Regulations, on slaughterhouse offal derived from other infested pigs. Man infests himself by eating infested pig meat that has not been properly cooked, for thorough cooking will kill the embryos, although salting is usually not sufficient to do so. Trichiniasis could not, therefore, occur in man if all pig meat were free from the parasite and if all pig meat were sufficiently cooked. The two main principles for the prevention of the disease are thus the efficient inspection of pig meat and its proper preparation for the table.

The average Englishman, always ready to applaud the more romantic achievements of science, does not often ask that the quiet, tedious, and skilled work of his meat inspectors should receive the public praise that it certainly deserves. In an atmosphere and surroundings from which most people recoil with distaste, this indefatigable public servant has to keep daily watch for a large number of different diseases, all of which he must be able to recognize swiftly and with certainty. Trichiniasis is only one of these diseases and *Trichinella*

is only one of the parasites which may be found. Its lemon-shaped capsules containing the spirally coiled embryos are only visible to the naked eye after they have been calcified, when, if they are numerous, they look like a peppering of the meat with minute whitish specks. But before the calcification has occurred they are younger and therefore more dangerous. Bits of muscle must be cut out and compressed between two strong plates of glass and examined with a low power of the microscope, or the compressed muscle can be projected on to a screen with a strong light. From human patients a bit of the shoulder muscle can be removed under a local anæsthetic and examined in this way and *Trichinella* embryos were, in fact, found by this method during the recent outbreak in the shoulder muscles of a few of the patients. The examination of slaughtered pigs in this way is no small labour at the best of times; in the winter, in some of our smaller slaughterhouses, fog and frost and rain do not add to the joys of the meat inspector's comparatively small-salaried job. There is therefore every reason for the tribute paid to him by one of the doctors who investigated the recent outbreak of trichiniasis.

The second method of preventing the occurrence of this disease—the thorough cooking of pig meat—is said to be a habit of most Anglo-Saxon peoples. In Germany, and on the Continent generally perhaps, pig and other kinds of meat are commonly eaten raw and that is one reason why Trichiniasis is commoner there. The investigators of the recent English outbreak of it took note of the fact that the disease seemed to be confined to factory workers living in some of the new housing estates and in similar types of home, and of

the fact that women suffered more than men in the proportion of about four women to one man, while children were little affected. Seeking the reason for these facts, they asked three doctors to question all the patients who came to their surgeries. About fifty per cent of the patients admitted the habit of eating sausages raw.

Further investigation showed that the men folk, coming home from work, usually insisted on having a cooked meal, so that those men who ate sausages well cooked throughout their thickness escaped the disease. Children escaped on the whole, probably because they were not given sausages. The mothers, after a busy morning in the house, were so hungry that, while their sausages were cooking, they often nibbled a bit of raw sausage or picked little bits of partially cooked sausage from the frying pan. No doubt sudden calls on them from children, the door bell, or other domestic crises would cause them to lick their finger-tips absent-mindedly and hurry out of the kitchen, swallowing in this way little bits of under-cooked sausage as they went. The daughters were the most unfortunate of all. For they had to be at their work on time ; and sausage meat, taken raw from the sausage skin and made into sandwiches, was a tasty factory lunch very quickly prepared. One can say that, if they had gone to bed earlier and had got up in time to make a better lunch, they need not have eaten the sausages raw ; one can say that raw sausage is not a natural diet, although there seems to be no reason to doubt that sausages are sometimes eaten raw by all classes of English people ; but, whatever one's opinions may be about eating one's food raw, it does seem to be

true that industrial conditions may tempt working girls to make quick lunches of raw sausage and so may help to cause outbreaks of Trichiniasis.

The remedy is evident. It does not necessarily concern the industrial system and its organizers alone ; it compels us all to realize that nature, not society, requires that we see that our food is good, properly prepared, and eaten with concern for our bodies, those long-suffering houses of our minds, which thrill to our pleasures and stand up to our vices until not even they can stand any more and we wake up one morning with the dismal knowledge that at last we have killed the flesh that gave us life. In these islands the doctor, the meat inspector, and the Public Health Authorities protect the public from diseases caused by contaminated food far more effectively than the corresponding authorities on the Continent do. The public can rest assured that everything possible has been done to prevent further outbreaks of trichiniasis and that there is practically no risk that another outbreak will occur, especially during war-time, when the control of foodstuffs makes it easier to trace every slaughtered pig to its origin and destination ; but we have to do our bit as well and see that our sausage and pork and ham are cooked well and all through their substance. The parasite will look after itself. It is merely living its normal life in a universe that was not made for the pleasure and convenience of man alone. In a human midriff or tongue muscle it comes to a natural end ; for there, unless we give ourselves for meat to the pigs or rats or dogs or cats or badgers or any of the other warm-blooded animals in which *Trichinella* can live, it must remain a coiled and very beautiful creature in its house of chalk until it ultimately dies.

In America they have taken out the midribs of a number of people who have died in the hospitals and, by digesting them in an artificial gastric juice to set free any *Trichinella* embryos in them, they have found that an astonishing number of men and women have harboured *Trichinellæ* without being aware of the fact. Probably most of them had, at some time in their lives, attacks of something that was called influenza or rheumatism and got better and forgot all about them, as we all do. But from the living embryos liberated in this way from the muscles of man or pigs or other hosts of the parasite, American workers have shown that it is possible to make an extract in salt solution which, when it is injected under the skin of men or animals harbouring *Trichinella*, causes a skin and a blood reaction which can be used, if stringent precautions against possible error are taken, for the diagnosis of the disease. Some of this extract, sent over recently from America, is now being used in this country ; and it is a real help, because trichiniasis is a difficult disease to diagnose. *Trichinella* is being set to catch its own kind and all its entrances and exits into and out of our islands are being effectively blockaded.

Your sausage, therefore, is perfectly safe, especially if you see that it is cooked right through. While you eat it, reflect on the ways of life. Is a beautiful thing like *Trichinella*, with all the beauty of its marvellously efficient adaptation to its mode of life, more efficient, better, or more valuable than the man or woman or child whose beauty and charm and efficiency it may very well destroy ? By the time you have solved that question to your satisfaction, you will have realized that a sausage contains, as well as the meat, a good deal of food for thought.

IN THAILAND

By W. L. CARTER

SOME TRAVEL TO the East in search of pleasure, others for business reasons. I went to see a little of what might remain of the ancient kingdom of Fu-Nan that included parts of modern Thailand and Cambodia, and whose existence ended in the middle of the sixth century.

This is not an archæological paper, so I confine myself to the country in the area bounded on the north by the Nam Mun, a tributary of the Menam River, the water highway of Thailand, and extending southwards to the Gulf of Siam. Rather strangely, perhaps, sea-charts still prefer the old and familiar rendering of Siam, and ignore the now strictly correct Thailand. After all, the Thais can justly claim that they have merely reverted to the name Thailand after its disuse for a few centuries, and several decades more or less are hardly worth mentioning in the philosophic view of the true Orient.

The geography-books stress there are three seasons in eastern Thailand, but two were all I experienced. Certainly it rained when I was there. The skies released a torrent as the floodgates opened, and it was surprising to learn that the annual rainfall thereabouts was only one hundred inches. The so-called cold season was a figment of the imagination, for temperatures over ninety and rarely less than sixty-five hardly agree with the general European ideas of cold seasons.

The summer heats were searing. In the drier sections, the earth reflected the great power of the sun from thin layers of rock, patterned like sandwiches placed on end. Not a breath of air stirred in the shallow valleys, and the scorched countryside lay still and lifeless beneath a

brazen sun hanging in a sky so intensely blue as to seem unreal. The low hills and flat stretches were often clothed in a curious kind of shrubby vegetation that cast no shade. Its local name was the peculiar but simple one of *in*. To get some shelter from the torrid sun at its height my companion and I—in the absence of a convenient rock—used to dig in the soft sand of dried-up watercourses, which were fairly numerous. Later in the year, when the monsoon was doing its best to maintain the annual average of rainfall, these normally derelict stream beds would fill to a depth often exceeding twenty-five feet. They then spread their waters over an arid countryside, turning it into an unpleasant bog. In the warm mud, elephant-grass and reeds grew with a speed that astonished us who were familiar with the slow maturity of plants and shrubs in our British gardens. A peculiar kind of creeping convolvulus, with pink trumpets, produced its trails and flowered with remarkable rapidity, accompanied by another which seemed to belong to the passion-flower family. This latter I saw in some of the fields belonging to Chinese rubber-planters, and was told it was actually set out as a living weed-killer. Other plants generally refused to grow in its company. Seeds were just scattered about among other weeds it was desired to eradicate, and left to germinate of their own accord, which seems to be a typical Oriental labour-saving method of land clearance. Unfortunately, the plant will not flourish outdoors in this country.

On the coast near the extreme end of the Thailand-Indo-China frontier lies Chantaburi with its gem mines famous in Buddhist history. Rubies and sapphires are the most sought of the various gems—some of those

immense specimens found in statues of the Buddha are said to have come from here—but the colouring of the small stones recently produced was inferior. The glowing reds and lovely blues were either too pale or almost missing. A really fine sapphire should reflect the azure of the sky or the deep hues of the cornflower—the ancient Egyptians thought this shade among flowers to be so beautiful that they grew the cornflower solely for the delight of gazing at its lovely colour. It was a favourite of Akhnaton—but these Thailand gems lacked the true lustre. This was due to an absence of chromium and cobalt from their composition. As I held a handful of small stones, it occurred to me that their poorness or lack of colour was due entirely to those same elements required in making modern stainless steel and armour plate. Some fine topazes and garnets were found in Chantaburi, as well as corundum. They are all forms of crystallized alumina, a common element, but corundum bears about the same relationship to the ruby and sapphire as a lump of coal to the scintillating diamond.

Most reference works dismiss the features of Thailand dwellers as Mongoloid. This, though true, is far too much of a generalization, and within the period of our stay we learnt with fair success to distinguish the Lao-Thai stocks of eastern Thailand, the Ka and Lawa sections of the Mon-Annam, with sprinklings of Khmers and Karens. These are only a few of the racial types. The merchant-class in Bangkok and the larger towns is mainly pure Chinese. We found the official class to be, almost without exception, derived from Thais. Nearly every field-worker and peasant we saw was as brown as any Malay or Polynesian, but the intellectual and higher strata of society, particularly the females,

differed little in colour from the average Englishwoman. The black hair and rich brown eyes of many recalled the early Indian colonization of parts of Thailand when it was included in Fu-Nan. This little-known Indo-Chinese empire was founded by Kaundinya in the first century A.D., and most of his successors bore Indian names. Its greatest ruler, a Brahman also named Kaundinya, is stated in an ancient Chinese record to have "changed all the rules according to the method of India". One of the relics treasured in the numerous Buddhist shrines was a hair of the Buddha himself brought from India by the ruler, and we saw many small statues, mostly damaged. I recall vividly a large bronze one, at least thirty feet high, standing in the ruins of a temple in the older part of Ayuthia, the former capital of Thailand during the early medieval period. It gazed through a ragged gap in a ruined wall. Although badly injured—it is believed, by a Burmese army nearly two centuries ago—the figure still sat in the familiar cross-legged fashion peculiar to Buddhist sages. The inscrutable face, with the faint half-smile just touching its unfathomable expression, looked as if it represented the most sublime feelings of one long immune to ordinary emotion, and was pondering upon what time's passage would bring in its train.

It was near here that we watched a group of peasants preparing rice for market. They used the primitive appliances peculiar to this part of the Orient. A young man, about to marry, was building the first part of his new home. It stood above the flood-water level of a small stream feeding a larger one from whose shallow sides I slipped into the most malodorous mud ever encountered during years of travel. The husband-to-be

was of a fairly wealthy family, whose head was engaged in the teak felling and export business. The building was going up on a teak foundation, but poorer folk would have substituted a framework of tough bamboo and thatched the roof with grass. It is customary to commence with a small building and then to add extra accommodation when needed or as the owner's means permit.

In this village I saw several kinds of lacquer work in process of completion from the earliest to the final stages. There were three principal types. One, a severely restrained form, was of gilt patterning on a ground of fine black lacquer; another had very hard lacquer of a wide range of colourings with hues in contrast to those of the groundwork, but the kind I favoured was of mother-of-pearl and lacquer inlay work, the lacquer being in most delicate pastel shades. The Thai workers kept themselves to the same standard patterns as have presumably been in use for centuries, and we saw carvings and embroideries of silk executed in the same patterns and style. A few craftsmen had broken away from this standardization. One, a worker in silver and bronze, had his place near a ruined temple whose steps seemed to be a favourite haunt of young male Thais playing pitch and toss with an abandon, purpose, and utter disregard of publicity that would stir any British police official into instant action. The metal-smith—he looked to be at least half Chinese—had two kinds of output. One, semi-mass produced, was casting in bronze from standard moulds. It included small statues of the Buddha, trays and dishes, but his individual items—no two were alike—displayed real craftsmanship, and a diminutive Buddha depicted sitting on a sacred lotus

flower, which he gave me, looks remarkably alive, although only six inches high. His silver work—mostly *repoussé*—bore designs of semi-religious and mythical origin. Some of this, notably the dragon designs, revealed Chinese influence. He said that the best articles went to the United States, where there had long been a market for genuine work of this kind.

At this point the interchange of views and information halted while a young lad—who had been earlier blowing the hand-bellows—returned with some young bamboo shoots dug up on the fringe of the jungle near by. These were quickly cooked, and I can recommend them as a tasty addition to most dishes. Meanwhile, the rice workers had continued their task. They were handling the merest fraction of the national crop from over six million acres. The men were performing what might be called “forced” labour in lieu of paying a small poll-tax levied yearly, but there was no sign of compulsion in the grinning chattering group and their headman was enjoying himself as much as the others. A sort of rough sifting apparatus was formed by a basket fitted inside another, the whole jerked up and down on the end of a long bamboo pole fixed near one end to a stout post. In a kind of mortar three men broke up the rice by swinging large mallets in “navvy fashion”. It was then tipped into the old-fashioned hand-operated sifting machine and the output was bagged. According to European ideas the product seemed very gritty, but the local folk seemed to think it of high quality and as they were to consume some of it, politeness forbade further comment on our part.

Waving groves of bamboo surrounded the village. We came to it by a winding stone pathway resembling

crazy paving. The fingerlike bamboo foliage fell in a living screen almost to the water lilies and lotus in the stream, whose flow was so slow as to be imperceptible. It was evening and the sun-scorched earth responded to the cool of coming twilight. The harsh calls of the tropical birds were stilled. Only the sound of a pair of homeward-plodding water buffaloes ridden by a small boy and the silvery tinkling of bells from an adjacent shrine gently jostled by a light breeze, broke into the laden stillness of the early evening, up country, in eastern Thailand.

DOUBLE-BARRELED

(*Notes on Compound Nouns*)

By WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON

“A WORD,” SAYS Chambers’s Twentieth Century Dictionary, “is an oral or written sign expressing an idea or notion.” But, supposing one word is not enough for such expression? Then two things happen: either two or more words join forces and produce a compound word, or they ally themselves less closely to form a phrase: “two or more words expressing a single idea by themselves . . .” to quote Chambers once again. So far all seems simple, but it is less simple than at first appears. Compound words, it is early evident, are not all written in the same way. Some of them carry the sign of their business-partnership still about them in the shape of a hyphen. Others have fused their members so completely that they look like one-man firms.

In our own literature we can look back to the time when Norman influence was losing its dominating power over the English language and was becoming a sort of modifying grace. Men of learning strove to convey to other men ideas clothed in words which were capable of being understood by all. The thirteenth-century *Genesis and Exodus*, written specially for those who spoke and loved the English tongue, makes it clear that there had come into common usage a host of compound words—such as *quor-bi* (= whereby) *quuat-so-euere* (= whatsoever) *over-flet* (= overflowed), *on-seken* (= attack), *nunmor* (= no more), *mistagte* (= misdirected), *sumdel* (= somewhat)—many of them still bearing the hyphen to show their derivation from two distinct words. Chaucer even clung to such hyphens, a

century later, in writing *hir-self*, *no-thing*, *ther-to*, *ther-with*, *un-to*, *in-to*, *with-alle*, *al-be-it*, *with-inne*, *with-out*e, *as- syde*. Yet he could write *withholde*, *perchaunce*, *otherwyse*, *therefore* all as unhyphenated words. And here and there we find him using delightful compounds like *alder-best* (= best of all), *everydel* (= every whit), *al-day* (= always), which were lost to us long ago.

Words like these would seem to have slid or flowed unto unity. Yet in the writing of them we can sense a meticulous kind of anxiety creeping into their formation. Should they have a hyphen or should they not? The writers of a given period showed no sort of agreement in the matter. In fact, no single writer was ever consistent in what he wrote himself.

Time went on, and new compound words were made, and still the same kind of uncertainty is clear. Men of learning wrote as those having authority, but sometimes others less learned took up their pens. Such a man was Thomas Nicholas, a factor in the Levant Company during Elizabeth's reign. He must have been quick enough of ear and pen for he was able to translate into English from the Spanish Zárate's *A History of the Discovery and Conquest of Peru*. But it was twenty years before he could get anyone to print it for him. Perhaps he was too humble as to its merits for in his dedication to *Maister Thomas Wilson, Doctor of Ciuil Lawe and one of the principall Secretaries to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie*, he apologizes for the style of his work, saying he *can not polish as learned men might require* and even gives permission to anyone *who will take the paines, to write it ouer againe*. Just for the very reason that he "can not polish" it is worth while to see how Nicholas treats compound words. Quite individually,

in the main, for as well as his *can not*, there is *shalbe*, *him selfe*, *head ache*, *highe way*, and most characteristic of all *notwith standing*.

As a matter of fact when he writes . . . *they saw Atabaliba slaine as in this next Chapter shalbe declared*, he is only following the usage of an exceptionally learned man who spent some six years in Henry VIII's reign in translating the New Testament, using the Greek and Latin texts of Erasmus in doing so. This was Tyndale, who in his translation gives

For the trompe shall blowe, and the deed shall ryse incorruptible and we shalbe chaunged.

When Thomas Nicholas wrote *notwith standing* he gave unwittingly an example of the fact that although he knew how to use words, he did not know his reasons for so using them. Most of us have a feeling that there is somewhere some ultimate authority as to the correct usage and spelling of words, including this very matter of word compounds: which of them should have a hyphen and which not. We share the uncertainty of the older writers. We don't know what to do. So we turn to some reputable dictionary, hoping to have our uncertainties cleared up and we find a most amusing state of affairs—one in fact which it took me very long to find out. The dictionaries don't know either, as is very soon made clear. As a great many of our compound words begin with *over* that is as good a place as any to begin. Using Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary again, and beginning at *overact*, we find well over two hundred words, some nouns, some verbs, some adjectives, some adverbs. Less than ten of them have hyphens. Try to find out the reason of those hyphens. Notice that according to the dictionary it is possible to be *over-*

confident, *over-anxious*, and *over-exquisite* with the aid of a hyphen, whereas one can quite well be *overbearing*, *overforward*, *overcareful*, and *overcredulous* without. Look again: *over-all* defined as "a protective garment worn over ordinary clothes for dirty work or weather" is provided with a hyphen. But overalls have been made or bought and subsequently worn for years. Their washing at laundries has been paid for, and always without a hyphen—so that the dictionary here is quite out of line with custom.

Turn now to some other types of compound, those involving a noun. Some of the most fascinating are those beginning with a colour adjective. Among birds there are the *redbreast* and *redstart*, but there come also the *red-cap*, *red-shank*, *red-head*, and *red-wing*. Why should the *red-head* "the pochard, a red-headed duck" require a hyphen when the *whitehead*, "the blue-winged snow-goose" can do without? Then there is the *whitethroat* "a bird of the same species as the blackcap" and yet there is also *white-bass* "a silvery serranoid fish of the American Great Lake region". The blues are equally surprising: we have *blue-breast* "a beautiful and melodious bird nearly allied to the nightingale", *blue-wing* "a kind of duck . . .", *blue-gum* "a kind of Eucalyptus". We even meet *Blue-beard* "a monster who murders a series of wives in Perrault's famous *Conte*". The only completely fused compound is *bluebell* "a plant that bears blue bell-shaped flowers". And somehow this satisfies our feeling of rightness, for scarcely anyone (except perhaps the smallest child) would wish to see it written in any other way. These words all show how union has modified meaning. What was once a descriptive hint became a nickname which

has very little congruence of meaning with the two words that gave it birth. A *whitethroat* is no longer a throat that is white. It is a bird with characteristics especially and entirely its own.

Words formed by the union of two or more nouns are equally interesting to examine. Never has there been such a headlong rush of compound nouns and noun-phrases into our language as during the past three or four years, more particularly during the war period. These new terms are essentially synthetic in nature, matching the synthetic character of the time in which we now live. They are as far removed from those compounds that came into being in the early days of the English language as are the synthetic perfumes of the chemist from the natural scents of flowers.

It is well here to look at some of the noun-phrases in common use to-day. They are of the same essential character as compound nouns, hyphenated or unhyphenated. There again confusion steps in—for sometimes we see the component parts written as individual nouns, sometimes joined by hyphens but never, as yet, fused into one composite whole. And here is cause for further confusion. Look at these newspaper headings and see how difficult it is to assign at first sight a meaning to some of them. Read them aloud with the right inflection and phrasing, and the hearer can grasp the meaning. It is the written words that prove a stumbling block.

FLEET AIR ARM ATTACKS INVASION PORTS

PIANIST PRIESTLEY CHEERS BOMBED LINER SURVIVORS

BANANA BAN DISTRESS

NAVY CONTROLS BAR IMPORTS

Next, consider the names of the days of the week. Three of them at once give a hint of their origin in the *s* which they contain: Tuesday (A.-S. *Tiwes daeg*), Wednesday (A.-S. *Wodenes daeg*), Thursday (A.-S. *Thrunres daeg*). They are formed from the once familiar genitive case, an inherent factor in word formation in Early and Middle English. We read in grammar books that this is represented by the possessive case to-day. But the old genitive was of far greater moment than to-day's possessive. Tiw's day, for example, is in no sense analogous to Tiw's purse or pocket. It was a day dedicated to Tiw; it was in a sense accreted by Tiw to himself. The genitive, however, can give even more interesting examples than these. Allowing for the opinion of most authorities that the Latin genitive is a mistranslation of its Greek forerunner which merely indicated a class, and had no sort of reference to *generation* in the reproductive sense, we are still left with strange old vital genitives which seemed capable of emanating something out of their own being to which they eventually became united.

Unlike the three days of the week instanced, these genitives often lost their sign-manual of "genitivation", but their essence remained nevertheless. Take *sunlight* and *starlight*, *daylight* and *moonlight*, and compare them with *night light*. At first sight they are all of one type, only that *night light* still keeps its parts unjoined. So did these other words at one time, then came the cementing hyphen, next the complete fusion, this last with loss of that something which denoted the real character of the words. All appear to indicate some sort of light, differentiated by prefixed nouns, functioning more or less as adjectives. Look hard at *night light*, remembering

that night is the negation of life. *Night* here plays only the subordinate part of adjective, while *sun*, *star*, *day*, and *moon* stand for much more: they are the actual progenitors of the light. And we see in *kinsfolk* and *herdsmen*, *homestead* and *household*, *earthquake* and *rainbow*, *nightfall* and *daybreak* much the same kind of thing.

Words, as language units, have been likened to bricks,¹ able to be built into a unity or merely cast together in such confusion as to be unable to hold together. I had rather liken them to those irregularly shaped pieces of stone which constitute the old dry walls of the North Country. For in the hands of intuitive yet trained wall-setters these stones, by selection, shaping, and balance can be laid to form such a structure as can stand secure for centuries.

¹ *Practical Grammar*. C. F. Allan.

POETRY

THE WAVES OF RED BALLOONS

(For Wallace Stevens)

FOR ALL THE pretty noise I found him foremost,
The four past masters on the trumpet nothing
To his green lines of verse, for in them grew
A subtler form of mastery than theirs.
His was the elegiac mystery.

Poetry meant for him a wave of balloons,
A string of colours over a ballroom floor,
The ball this life of ours, the balloons the many
Adventures intricate that joined our lives,
The tunes strummed on the humming guitar.

His was America and Florida, the world
Something to which the trumpet led a man,
Mouthing the forms of poetry, and skill
The will to deal with these, and master those.
The mass were crowds of clouds, the poet's sun.

But, waving the red balloons, I saw him come,
Magician of the blue word and the steely music,
Making a mystery out of our time.
I recognized in him the emperor's capers,
The colossal sham of chocolate and ice.

Yet he was professor of this, of glad illusion.
The gay spread like a powder on the sad,
So that the magic of his words in sadness
Made the man less awful who in his poems stood

For the victory of this madness. He preferred

Nougat to chocolate, elegy to triumph
 Yet went his own triumphant way to the gay.
 Poetry was a bubble of balloons.
 But between two wars he made a certain line,
 The sober man surrounded by jaguars.

NICHOLAS MOORE

LAST OF THESE VERSES

NEW EVERY DAY the statue falls
 into the harbour, with Saint Paul's,
 the Mozart festival and all us others
 who, drawing diagrams in the Select,
 once felt the pavements crack apart—
 for though we always drained the glass,
 although we took peculiar care, not stepping on the
 cracks,
 the ground split under us ;
 and now this gothic-steepled Europe gapes
 like old whales drying on a desolate beach, or where
 the nets are spread upon the rocks at Tyre.

The bears have got us and the prophecy
 has marked us down ; dark closes in upon us, winking
 like an eye.

Each of us in his solitary room,
 with tight-throated cheerfulness or absent phrases
 —"absent friends,"
 facing that fourth wall
 works out his part with over-life-size gestures ;

as one for whom the gallows yawn against an early sun
lights a brief cigarette,
with all an actor's emphasis in that event.

So soon there will be no one looking,
as night hardens to eclipse, the stars
crumble to mathematics in a book.
Between us and the stars, with our most grievous fault,
the eleventh hour still looms, a white and brilliant face
outlined in dusk—
reflecting with a family likeness—
(this small bright history, the terrible pursuing cars),
women concerned for the dinner will soon be cold,
and oh, the children's voices, playing at Germans in
the street.

EITHNE WILKINS

POEM FROM "THE GREEN HEART"

II

THEY SAY YOU are thin and weary
That you will not eat.
If I know you
It is running all day you are in the hills
Now that they wear their snow robe.
And the wind, blowing white plumes from the summits—
Was he pleased
To toss the hair of his best game-comrade,
And do you greet for me the mountains we walked
together?

BRENDA CHAMBERLAIN

RIVER RHONDDA

BY BROKEN SHAFTS the greasy river
Rhondda drops her veils of scum
On dirty rocks to mark the ancient
Degraded union of stone and water.

By banks of ashes unwashed colliers
Gamble for luck the pavements hide :
Kids float tins down noisy rapids :
Coaldust rings the scruffy willows :
Circe is a drab.

She gives men what they know.
Daily to her pitch-black shaft
She sucks husbands from their sleep ;
And for her profit takes their hands and eyes.

But the fat flabby-breasted wives
Have grown accustomed to her ways.
They scrub, make tea, peel the potatoes—

Without counting the days.

ALUN LEWIS

HOC EST CORPUS

I WHO AM nothing, and this tissue
steer, find in my servant still my maker,
rule and obey, as flame to candle mated.
Whom bone has conjured, Banquo shall the Bard
command, the marble rule Pygmalion:
did this tower build me, then, who am its garrison?

Strange that in me the shadow
moving the substance speaks: strange that such air
pulls the grey sinew—whom the blood maintains,
whom the heart's coming slight defection
shall spill, speaks now and holds
Time like a permanent stone, its cold weight judging.

ALEX COMFORT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

“SO HERE YOU are!” exclaimed Mrs. Vesey to the newcomer who joined the group on the lawn. She reposed for an instant her light, dry fingers on his. “Henry has come from London,” she added. Acquiescent smiles from the others round her showed that the fact was already known—she was no more than indicating to Henry the role that he was to play. “What are your experiences?—Please tell us. But nothing dreadful: we are already feeling a little sad.”

“I am sorry to hear that,” said Henry Russel, with the air of one not anxious to speak of his own affairs. Drawing a cane chair into the circle, he looked from face to face with concern. His look travelled on to the screen of lilac, whose dark purple, pink-silver, and white plumes sprayed out in the brilliance of the afternoon. The late May Sunday blazed, but was not warm: something less than a wind, a breath of coldness, fretted the edge of things. Where the lilac barrier ended, across the sun-polished meadows, the Dublin mountains continued to trace their hazy, to-day almost colourless line. The coldness had been admitted by none of the seven or eight people who, in degrees of elderly beauty, sat here full in the sun, at this sheltered edge of the lawn: they continued to master the coldness, or to deny it, as though with each it were some secret *malaise*. An air of fastidious, stylized melancholy, an air of being secluded behind glass, characterized for Henry these old friends in whose shadow he had grown up. To their pleasure at having him back among them was added, he

felt, a taboo or warning—he was to tell a little, but not much. He could feel with a shock, as he sat down, how insensibly he had deserted, these last years, the æsthetic of living that he had got from them. As things were, he felt over him their suspended charm. The democratic smell of the Dublin bus, on which he had made the outward journey to join them, had evaporated from his person by the time he was half-way up Mrs. Vesey's chestnut avenue. Her house, with its fanlights and tall windows, was a villa in the Italian sense, just near enough to the city to make the country's sweetness particularly acute. Now, the sensations of wartime, that locked his inside being, began as surely to be dispelled—in the influence of this eternalized Sunday afternoon.

"Sad?" he said, "that is quite wrong."

"These days, our lives seem unreal," said Mrs. Vesey—with eyes that penetrated his point of view. "But, worse than that, this afternoon we discover that we all have friends who have died."

"Lately?" said Henry, tapping his fingers together.

"Yes, in all cases," said Ronald Cuffe—with just enough dryness to show how much the subject had been beginning to tire him. "Come, Henry, we look to you for distraction. To us, these days, you are quite a figure. In fact, from all we have heard of London, it is something that you should be alive. Are things there as shocking as they say—or are they more shocking?" he went on, with distaste.

"Henry's not sure," said someone, "he looks pontifical."

Henry, in fact, was just beginning to twiddle this far-off word "shocking" round in his mind, when a diversion caused some turning of heads. A young girl

stepped out of a window and began to come their way across the lawn. She was Maria, Mrs. Vesey's niece. A rug hung over her bare arm: she spread out the rug and sat down at her aunt's feet. With folded arms, and her fingers on her thin pointed elbows, she immediately fixed her eyes on Henry Russel. "Good afternoon," she said to him, in a mocking but somehow intimate tone.

The girl, like some young difficult pet animal, seemed in a way to belong to everyone there. Miss Ria Store, the patroness of the arts, who had restlessly been refolding her fur cape, said: "And where have *you* been, Maria?"

"Indoors."

Someone said, "On this beautiful afternoon?"

"Is it?" said Maria, frowning impatiently at the grass.

"Instinct," said the retired judge, "now tells Maria it's time for tea."

"No, this does," said Maria, nonchalantly showing her wrist with the watch on it. "It keeps good time, thank you, Sir Isaac." She returned her eyes to Henry. "What have you been saying?"

"You interrupted Henry. He had been just going to speak."

"Is it so frightening?" Maria said.

"The bombing?" said Henry. "Yes. But as it does not connect with the rest of life, it is difficult, you know, to know what one feels. One's feelings seem to have no language for anything so preposterous. As for thoughts—"

"At that rate," said Maria, with a touch of contempt, "your thoughts would not be interesting."

"Maria," said somebody, "that is no way to persuade Henry to talk."

"About what is important," announced Maria, "it seems that no one can tell one anything. There is really nothing, till one knows it oneself."

"Henry is probably right," said Ronald Cuffe, "in considering that this—this outrage is *not* important. There is no place for it in human experience; it apparently cannot make a place of its own. It will have no literature."

"Literature!" said Maria. "One can see, Mr. Cuffe, that *you* have always been safe!"

"Maria," said Mrs. Vesey, "you're rather pert."

Sir Isaac said, "What does Maria expect to know?"

Maria pulled off a blade of grass and bit it. Something calculating and passionate appeared in her; she seemed to be crouched up inside herself. She said to Henry sharply: "But you'll go back, of course?"

"To London? Yes—this is only my holiday. Anyhow, one cannot stay long away."

Immediately he had spoken Henry realized how subtly this offended his old friends. Their position was, he saw, more difficult than his own, and he could not have said a more cruel thing. Mrs. Vesey, with her adept smile that was never entirely heartless, said: "Then we must hope your time here will be pleasant. Is it so very short?"

"And be careful, Henry," said Ria Store, "or you will find Maria stowed away in your baggage. And there would be an embarrassment, at an English port! We can feel her planning to leave us at any time."

Henry said, rather flatly: "Why should not Maria travel in the ordinary way?"

“Why should Maria travel at all? There is only one journey now—into danger. We cannot feel that that is necessary for her.”

Sir Isaac added: “We fear, however, that that is the journey Maria wishes to make.”

Maria, curled on the lawn with the nonchalance of a feline creature, through this kept her eyes cast down. Another cold puff came through the lilac, soundlessly knocking the blooms together. One woman, taken quite unawares, shivered—then changed this into a laugh. There was an aside about love from Miss Store, who spoke with a cold, abstracted knowledge—“Maria has no experience, none whatever; she hopes to meet heroes—she meets none. So now she hopes to find heroes across the sea. Why, Henry, she might make a hero of you.”

“It is not that,” said Maria, who had heard. Mrs. Vesey bent down and touched her shoulder; she sent the girl into the house to see if tea were ready. Presently they all rose and followed—in twos and threes, heads either erect composedly or else deliberately bowed in thought. Henry knew the idea of summer had been relinquished: they would not return to the lawn again. In the dining-room—where the white walls and the glass of the pictures held the reflections of summers—burned the log fire they were so glad to see. With her shoulder against the mantelpiece stood Maria, watching them take their places at the round table. Everything Henry had heard said had fallen off her—in these few minutes all by herself she had started in again on a fresh phase of living that was intact and pure. So much so, that Henry felt the ruthlessness of her disregard for the past, even the past of a few minutes ago. She came

forward and put her hands on two chairs—to show she had been keeping a place for him.

Lady Ottery, leaning across the table, said: “I must ask you—we heard you had lost everything. But that cannot be true?”

Henry said, unwillingly: “It’s true that I lost my flat, and everything in my flat.”

“*Henry*,” said Mrs. Vesey, “all your beautiful things?”

“Oh dear,” said Lady Ottery, overpowered, “I thought that could not be possible. I ought not to have asked.”

Ria Store looked at Henry critically. “You take this too calmly. What has happened to you?”

“It was some time ago. And it happens to many people.”

“But not to everyone,” said Miss Store. “I should see no reason, for instance, why it should happen to me.”

“One cannot help looking at you,” said Sir Isaac. “You must forgive our amazement. But there was a time, Henry, when I think we all used to feel that we knew you well. If this is not a painful question, at this juncture, why did you not send your valuables out of town? You could have even shipped them over to us.”

“I was attached to them. I wanted to live with them.”

“And now,” said Miss Store, “you live with nothing, for ever. Can you really feel that that is life?”

“I do. I may be easily pleased. It was by chance I was out when the place was hit. You may feel—and I honour your point of view—that I should have preferred, at my age, to go into eternity with some pieces

of glass and jade and a dozen pictures. But, in fact, I am very glad to remain. To exist."

"On what level?"

"On any level."

"Come, Henry," said Ronald Cuffe, "that is a cynicism one cannot like in you. You speak of your age: to us, of course, that is nothing. You are at your maturity."

"Forty-three."

Maria gave Henry an askance look, as though, after all, he were not a friend. But she then said: "Why should he wish he was dead?" Her gesture upset some tea on the lace cloth, and she idly rubbed it up with her handkerchief. The tug her rubbing gave to the cloth shook a petal from a Chinese peony in the centre bowl on to a plate of cucumber sandwiches. This little bit of destruction was watched by the older people with fascination, with a kind of appeasement, as though it were a guarantee against something worse.

"Henry is not young and savage, like you are. Henry's life is—or was—an affair of attachments," said Ria Store. She turned her eyes, under their lids, on Henry. "I wonder how much of you *has* been blown to blazes."

"I have no way of knowing," he said. "Perhaps you have?"

"Chocolate cake?" said Maria.

"Please."

For chocolate layer cake, the Vesey cook had been famous since Henry was a boy of seven or eight. The look, then the taste, of the brown segment linked him with Sunday afternoons when he had been brought here by his mother, then, with a phase of his adolescence

when he had been unable to eat, but only to look round. Mrs. Vesey's beauty, at that time approaching its last lunar quarter, had swum on him when he was about nineteen. In Maria, child of her brother's late marriage, he now saw that beauty, or sort of physical genius, at the start. In Maria, this was without hesitation, without the halting influence that had bound Mrs. Vesey up—yes, and bound Henry up, from his boyhood, with her—in a circle of quizzical half-smiles. In revenge, he accused the young girl who moved him—who seemed framed, by some sort of anticipation, for the new catastrophic *outward* order of life—of brutality, of being without spirit. At his age, between two generations, he felt cast out. He felt Mrs. Vesey might not forgive him for having left her for a world at war.

Mrs. Vesey blew out the blue flame under the kettle, and let the silver trapdoor down with a snap. She then gave exactly one of those smiles—at the same time, it was the smile of his mother's friend. Ronald Cuffe picked the petal from the sandwiches and rolled it between his fingers, waiting for her to speak.

"It is cold, *indoors*," said Mrs. Vesey. "Maria, put another log on the fire.—Ria, you say the most unfortunate things. We must remember Henry has had a shock.—Henry, let us talk about something better. You work in an office, then, since the war?"

"In a Ministry—in an office, yes."

"Very hard?—Maria, that is all you would do if you went to England: work in an office. This is not like a war in history, you know."

Maria said: "It is not in history yet." She licked round her lips for the rest of the chocolate taste, then dushed her chair a little back from the table. She looked

secretively at her wrist-watch. Henry wondered what the importance of time could be.

He learned what the importance of time was when, on his way down the avenue to the bus, he found Maria between two chestnut trees. She slanted up to him and put her hand on the inside of his elbow. Faded dark-pink stamen from the flowers above them had moulted down on to her hair. "You have ten minutes more, really," she said. "They sent you off ten minutes before your time. They are frightened someone would miss the bus and come back; then everything would have to begin again. As it is always the same, you would not think it would be so difficult for my aunt."

"Don't talk like that; it's unfeeling; I don't like it," said Henry, stiffening his elbow inside Maria's grasp.

"Very well, then: walk to the gate, then back. I shall be able to hear your bus coming. It's true what they said—I'm intending to go away. They will have to make up something without me."

"Maria, I can't like you. Everything you say is destructive and horrible."

"Destructive?—I thought you didn't mind."

"I still want the past."

"Then how weak you are," said Maria. "At tea I admired you. The past—things done over and over again with more trouble than they were ever worth?—However, there's no time to talk about that. Listen, Henry: I must have your address. I suppose you *have* an address now?" She stopped him, just inside the white gate with the green drippings: here he blew stamen off a page of his notebook, wrote on the page and tore it out for her. "Thank you," said Maria,

"I might turn up—if I wanted money, or anything. But there will be plenty to do : I can drive a car."

Henry said : "I want you to understand that I won't be party to this—in *any way*."

She shrugged and said : "You want *them* to understand"—and sent a look back to the house. Whereupon, on his entire being, the suspended charm of the afternoon worked. He protested against the return to the zone of death, and perhaps never ever seeing all this again. The cruciform lilac flowers, in all their purples, and the colourless mountains behind Mrs. Vesey's face besought him. The moment he had been dreading, returning desire, flooded him in this tunnel of avenue, with motors swishing along the road outside and Maria standing staring at him. He adored the stoicism of the group he had quitted—with their little fears and their great doubts—the grace of the thing done over again. He thought, with nothing left but our brute courage, we shall be nothing but brutes.

"What is the matter?" Maria said. Henry did not answer : they turned and walked to and fro inside the gates. Shadow played over her dress and hair : feeling the disenchantedness of his look at her she asked again, uneasily, "What's the matter?"

"You know," he said, "when you come away from here, no one will care any more that you are Maria. You will no longer be Maria, as a matter of fact. Those looks, those things that are said to you—they make you, you silly little girl. You are you only inside their spell. You may think action is better—but who will care for you when you only act? You will have an identity number, but no identity. Your whole existence has been in contradistinction. You may think you want an

ordinary fate—but there is no ordinary fate. And that extraordinariness in the fate of each of us is only recognized by your aunt. I admit that her view of life is too much for me—that is why I was so stiff and touchy to-day. But where shall we be when nobody has a view of life ? ”

“ You don’t expect me to understand you, do you ? ”

“ Even your being a savage, even being scornful—yes, even that you have got from them.—Is that my bus ? ”

“ At the other side of the river : it has still got to cross the bridge.—Henry— ” she put her face up. He touched it with kisses thoughtful and cold. “ Good-bye,” he said, “ Miranda.”

“ —Maria— ”

“ Miranda. This is the end of *you*. Perhaps it is just as well.”

“ I’ll be seeing you— ”

“ You’ll come round my door in London—with your little new number chained to your wrist.”

“ The trouble with you is, you’re half old.”

Maria ran out through the gates to stop the bus, and Henry got on to it and was quickly carried away.

SPANISH AND HUGO AND THE ADJUTANT

By HOWARD CLEWES

NOTHING CAN LOOK so empty, the Harbour Commissioner said, as an empty harbour. And the ship had been there so long now, tied to the southern jetty, that she seemed as much a part of the harbour as the jetties themselves and the derelict warehouses and the derricks and maybe the sentry yonder who never moved, leaning his bayonet towards the sea. Indeed, he said, folk scarcely noticed her. Tears hung on the corners of his eyes. The Adjutant said yes, he supposed so, without interest.

The ship rose to the incoming tide and you caught a glimpse of the portly hull, thick with yellow weed and barnacles. Then slowly she plunged again burying some little of her shame in the curtain of the water. A gull circled over her once, then again, and with a certain dainty precision, lit on the masthead. For a moment the bird watched keenly the approach of the two men, still quite distant, along the mole; absently dropped lime on to the already white-splashed deck below, bunched, settled its feathers, squatted, and slept. From the thin black funnel aft smoke drifted across the harbour.

Spanish pointed vaguely between the jetties to the open sea. The mines, he said, were out yonder, out there. The adjutant said yes, he knew, somewhat testily, and peered at the horizon wiping clear the glass of his spectacles with his forefinger; the fine spray clouded them incessantly, it was immensely irritating.

Now they came level with the ship and heard below the clatter of a shovel and a man's voice singing throatily

and with great care. Now and then he would stumble and go back and sing the note again and then go on if it was all right.

They stood near the ship.

"Is that him?" the Adjutant said.

Spanish said no. Oh dear no, that wasn't the captain, that was the engineer, Edwards.

"Not him?" The Adjutant was surprised, or seemed so, and vexed. "Why not?"

Spanish floundered. "I don't know," he said at length. "It's the engineer, Edwards." And then, irrelevantly, "I never saw him. Nobody did. He never comes up."

"Really."

They looked down at the ship in silence.

"Fourteen months she's been there," Spanish said. "Fifteen come Maisie's birthday. And never moved once, not an inch." He shook his head. "Not an inch."

The significance of the smoke that flew across the water from the funnel had escaped the Adjutant. He was Army, not seafaring. Now he looked up and began to understand. The ship had steam up: for fourteen months she had had steam in her boiler and was ready to sail, ready to put to sea, always ready but never moving. He wiped the spray from his glasses. The hold was half full of rubble too, you could see if you leaned over a little; the open hatch gaped at the sky.

"For God's sake," he said suddenly, "stop crying."

Spanish jumped. "It's the wind in me eyes," he muttered, and in his dumb dreamy fashion seemed hurt.

They would go and find the captain before it got dark, the Adjutant said, and Spanish said he expected the old man would be in The Navigator, he usually was;

in the parlour. They turned and went back along the mole, the one briskly and with intent, the other half shambling and half trotting, hands in pockets. It was very cold and the wind blew hard.

The Captain said his ship was a boom ship. He dwelled on the words, sonorously and with pride. "*The Ur of the Chaldes*," he said. You would see her in the harbour all night. The drink in him rose to his eyes, and they wandered blearily over the faces under the light. Yes, sir, a boom ship. When they come, he said, I go aboard and we cast off and sail maybe seventy yards at half steam and hardaport she goes and round she comes and there she is, slap bang across the harbour mouth. Make her fast fore and aft, bow to the northern jetty, stern to the south, and the job was done. Not a thing could pass, not a thing, once she lay across the entrance. His voice thickened and slowed, and he blinked at them. "Fourteen months," he said. "Day and night fourteen months on end she's had steam up. An' never moved . . ."

They took no notice, for they had heard it before, many times. They gave him another drink and went on with their dominoes.

"Dominoes . . ." The old man spat into the fire. "An' there she lies, half full o' rubble. Rubble !" He drank on it and fell to muttering to himself about the *Ur of the Chaldes* and rubble and dominoes and poor old Edwards, down there stoking like mad and singing all the bloody time.

"Hugo !"

That was her voice, you could tell by the acid in it. She was calling him from the head of the stairs.

"Hugo !"

“Cap’n Thwaite.” They were looking at him.

The old man stirred.

“Your wife’s calling.”

She came in then, big and heavy and her face shining and hair disarrayed and the front of her blouse undone. You could see the imprint, very pink, of the pillow-slip buttons down her cheek; she always took a nap in the afternoon. Her heart, she would tell you, was a bit dickey. And in the evening when he went to bed, the counterpane was creased in the shape of her moist body and the nausea was very sobering as it rose to his tongue.

“At it again,” she said. Her arms went akimbo, and her head forward a little. She opened her mouth and drew breath.

But the Adjutant came in, with Spanish the Harbour Commissioner shuffling after him, looking sheepish and blinking in the light. The Adjutant’s glasses at once clouded over in the warm atmosphere, but he looked all right with his shining buttons and cap and one thing or another, and the woman held her tongue. The plump hand at her waist strayed up to her hair and thrust it upwards at the back. She moistened her lips. There was a silence, but the dominoes clicked drily on the table.

“Captain Thwaite?” the Adjutant said briskly.

The old man started. “Me?”

“Are you the master of the *Ur of the Chaldes*?”

He rose unsteadily, gripping the mantelpiece.

“I am, sir,” he said then.

The woman said “Sit down, sir,” suddenly, and the Adjutant turned to her. “Sit down,” she said again. “Here, sit here. My husband’s not very well.” She smiled. “He’s getting on now, y’know.”

"I want to talk to Captain Thwaite," the Adjutant said pointedly. "Is there another room?"

"Certainly, certainly," she said. "This way."

They went to a little room behind the bar, the Adjutant, Spanish, Captain Thwaite, and the woman, one after the other.

"Now then, Captain..." He looked at Mrs. Thwaite.

"Oh." She smiled. "I'll come back, shall I?"

She went out sideways, smiling, and they sat down round the fire and in a minute or two Humphries came in with a tray and they ordered old and mild for Spanish and Captain Thwaite and tonic water for the Adjutant, for his dyspepsia.

"The stomach," he explained.

"Ah." They nodded and looked at the fire reflectively. Spanish took out his pipe. Nobody spoke.

The Adjutant was thinking pretty hard now. He was worried. One glance at the old man had been enough, more than enough, to confirm the suspicions engendered by his visit to the *Ur of the Chaldes*. He was worried about the whole affair. To begin with, Hugo Thwaite himself was incapable of sailing his ship twenty yards in a straight line, let alone of carrying out a swift complicated manœuvre such as would be expected of him when the occasion arose. Again, who would tie the ship fore and aft to the jetties? The engineer would have his hands full; there was nobody else, no deck hands, no crew. Furthermore, he doubted, with justification maybe, whether the ship in her present condition was capable of movement anyway. And she was an extremely important part of the harbour defences. Undoubtedly there was every reason for worry.

"Look here," he began in a moment.

Captain Thwaite flourished a fist. "Not even a pop-gun!" he shouted. "Other ships had pop-guns, hadn't they? Hadn't they, Spanish?" Spanish said yes, they had that, and peered into the bowl of his pipe and blew down the stem.

"I tell you, sir," the old man went on, "things is coming to a head. It can't go on like this, not much longer, it can't."

The Adjutant waited. But the old man had not finished. He had been patient a long time now, more than a year, writhing under the lash of injustice and imposition and rubble in the hold; and here out of the grey evening was a man in a uniform with shining buttons and a cap and glasses and an air.

"Full of rubble. Rubble!" The word exploded in his mouth. "The poor old lady. The soldiers tipped it in. I kicked their arses."

"I understand," the Adjutant said.

Every indignity a ship could suffer, the old man said, his ship had suffered. The white stubble on his chin stood out trenchantly. Her hold was filled with muck, her boilers kept at full pressure for months on end—for nothing, nothing; and she tied fast and helpless to the mole while the weeds and barnacles festooned her keel and soldiers tipped their rubble into her belly and gulls spashed the bridge with lime, and the ropes took root in the jetty. He quivered with rage and resentment and drink.

The Adjutant understood, and said so.

"I have a suggestion to make, Captain Thwaite," he said. He leaned forward. Spanish leaned forward, too. "Just a suggestion, for you to think over."

They waited.

"I will put soldiers in your ship."

They looked at him, without expression, not understanding.

"I'll put a crew on board, enough men to handle it, keep it clean and ship-shape. Then you can take it easy. Nothing to worry about, eh? My men will do it for you—I'll arrange everything . . ."

He lit a cigarette and they watched him; absently, you might have thought. He offered his case to Spanish, and Spanish said, "I've got me pipe," and took one. Captain Thwaite did not move.

"Well." The Adjutant stood up pulling on his gloves. "I'll call in to-morrow, shall I?"

They did not speak when he had gone out, but in a minute or two the Harbour Commissioner rose and went into the bar, leaving the old man looking at the fire with a faint puzzled frown over his eyes. Mrs. Thwaite was doing her hair then and smearing her lips with lipstick, and Humphries was serving the public, and Edwards was singing in the engine-room of the ship in the harbour. It was nearly dark. Spanish watched the dominoes for a time, and then went home to Maisie.

When she said it was bed-time later on, Captain Thwaite did not answer.

"Bed-time," she said again sharply.

He looked up at her and she drew back. He was sober. She went to bed quietly.

And when the Adjutant came in the morning, his buttons glittering in the pale sunlight, Humphries was sweeping the front step of the Navigator.

"Captain Thwaite, please," the Adjutant said.

Humphries leaned on the broom.

"Captain Thwaite," he said slowly, "seems to have gone."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"I wouldn't know, sir."

The Adjutant said: "Don't talk silly."

"Very well."

"Where's he gone?"

Humphries said he didn't know. He was quite emphatic. "Edwards has gone, too," he added. "Though I never saw Edwards, nobody did." The Adjutant belched abruptly and said "Excuse me," and took a sodamint.

"Gone, eh?"

He went down to the harbour and saw Spanish standing outside his office in the sunlight.

"Is Captain Thwaite here?"

Spanish took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed with it towards the southern jetty. The Adjutant looked and the ship had gone all right.

"Impossible," he said. "Impossible."

They walked down the mole towards the sea and stood and stared at the water where the ship had been. A gull circled idly overhead and the sentry leaned his bayonet towards the sun.

"But the mines . . ." the Adjutant began.

"Ah, the mines."

The Adjutant called to the sentry and said where was the ship, and the sentry said it had gone during the night, quietly and without fuss.

"All right. Return to your post."

In a minute the Adjutant said: "Was he saved?"

"Saved? What from, sir?"

"The mines, man."

“He never touched them so far as I know.”

“Then where’s he gone?”

Spanish raised his shoulders and nodded his head towards the sea, and the Adjutant sighed wearily and said he supposed he’d have to get another ship, that was all.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

A REVOLUTION IN EUROPEAN POETRY.

EMERY NEFF. Colombia University Press. \$3.

BOOKS ON THE structure of poetry are usually dull and the title of this volume is, perhaps, the least fortunate thing about it, for it suggests vague Utopias and mass movements. Actually, Professor Neff has written a most valuable study of European poetry in England, France, Germany, and Italy, during the three centuries from 1600 to 1900.

The last war seemed to take the colour out of poetry for most people; in this war we cling to it, as one of the few fundamental things to be fought for, whatever happens. In his introduction the author tells us rightly that though there are many readers able to understand one or more languages besides their own, there are few able to read three with ease. Poems are given first in the original tongue and then in translation, and we are shown the developments of each age, in the four different countries. Personally I found the chapter *The Voice of the North*, with its study of German and English poetry, the most interesting. Of course, the material is familiar but how often do we think about it? How different is the temper of the one tradition with the border ballads and northern sagas behind it, from the formal and realistic mould of the south. We are watching now the struggle of the two again, as men fight and argue over France. Perhaps it is the real answer to many problems, that we should not try to fit minds responsive to mists and mountains, and individual action, into the Mediterranean pattern where everything is even and composed.

The effect of the classic tradition upon the later work of Goethe, a full and interesting study of Leopardi, the discovery of Nature, that was perhaps the banner of the nineteenth century, are discussed in later chapters. Under the title *Wonder* such writers as Coleridge, Novalis, Baudelaire, and others are considered and there is a brief account of the effect of the industrial age upon poetry, this is perhaps the least successful part of the book but the subject is too vast for a few pages. Not the least valuable portion of the volume is the table of poems, dates, events, and ideas.

Professor Neff has always considered the writers, not only from their work but also from the circumstances of their environment. This gives a sense of life and reality quite opposite from any academic method of mere narration. Thus, this is not simply just another book for the professed student but one that can be enjoyed by the general reader who has no specialized interest in the subject.

ERNEST HUDSON

THE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Edited with a Commentary by F. E. HUTCHINSON. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 30s.

THIS IS THE latest volume of the "Oxford English Texts", a series whose one drawback is that it makes one look down one's nose at cheaper reprints quite admirable in themselves. It includes all Herbert's writings, in prose and verse, in English and Latin, and thus goes far beyond G. H. Palmer's valuable edition of 1905 (third and best edition, 1915). It establishes its

text by a complete collation of all extant manuscripts and early printed editions, and thus goes far beyond Grosart's careless edition of 1874. It makes half a dozen additions to the corpus, all interesting, though none of them exciting. For *The Temple* Canon Hutchinson follows the handsome Bodleian MS. verbally, but the first printed edition of 1633 for spelling, punctuation, use of capitals, and italics, justifying his practice from the known excellence and proved care of its printer, Thomas Buck. My opinion would be worth more if I had, what I have not, first-hand knowledge of the documents, but the Editor's arguments hereon appear convincing, and his text is certainly more pleasing in minutiae than any other. This does not mean it is more "accurate" than a facsimile of the 1633 edition would be, but the poet saw neither the Bodleian MS. (he died on 1st March, 1632) nor the printed book, so the term may well be misleading here. If the MS. is, as it claims to be, "The original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple; as it was at first Licenced for the presse," it should be allowed to weigh against the *editio princeps*; in any case, the Editor provides by his full collation the material for an individual judgment. The typography and press-work (there are few poets to whom care in layout is more important) is of the highest Oxford standard. What with Thomas Buck in his own day, and in ours the Gregynog Press (1925), the Nonesuch Press (1927), and the present honourable volume, Herbert has had little cause to complain of his printers. The Introduction is instructive without being overloaded (it is probably a native's prejudice that would welcome more about Wales's share in Herbert), the 130-page Commentary illuminating to all who read for pleasure and indispensable to the student.

In the light of this Commentary many passages of the writings will now be fully understood for the first time.

There is little more to say of the nature of Herbert's poems than he said himself, in his last message to his friend and witness Ferrar: they are "a picture of the many spiritual Conflicts that have past betwixt God and my Soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom". It is likely that they brought him relief in a struggle that otherwise would have been unbearable. Certainly a more consistent poet never set pen to paper. His audience was less his fellows than himself and God. It is curious that he ever incurred the charge of frigid conceit, for with his humility and subtlety went great passion of soul. There must always be a small number—those who share his religious experience—for whom he will be a great poet; for the rest, who will not agree with Coleridge's verdict of a "true poet"? And can there be much dispute that at least two of his poems, "The Collar" and "Love bade me welcome", would merit inclusion in an anthology of the world's loveliest lyrics?

There can be few things more offensive to the researcher who has accomplished much than a direction towards barely specified material from a camp-follower. But I offer the next sentence because I think it true and trust it useful. It is likely that unpublished material relating to George Herbert will yet come to light. My colleague, Professor Aaron, has recently discovered at Powis Castle two manuscripts of the *Autobiography* of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, brother of the poet. And the bottom of the trunk is not yet in sight.

GWYN JONES

THE FATHER FOUND. CHARLES MADGE. Faber. 6s.

IN *The Disappearing Castle* (1937), Mr. Madge was a poet of outstanding merit. His poems were constructed with tension and restraint—achieved by the use of assonance, half-rhyme, and punning, so that each line was linked to the next throughout the poem. Obscurity was a stumbling block, but it was occasional.

Here, in his second book, something has happened. There is far greater obscurity, and this is curious, since most poets tend to become less obscure as they develop. At the same time, he is fond of traditional forms of verse and sometimes these are successful, as in the last stanza of "First and Last Loves":—

Love's face smiles somewhere in the whorled pit
Like a dropped coin in a depthless well.
The songs of angels make a starry hit
Pictured on posters for the dark of hell.

His rhymes are now often clumsy and discordant. In the poem called "A Nightly Deed" the following are offered: "Brocken" with "mocking"; "horrid phantom" with "understand 'em"; and "farthing" with "starving". There is a long, philosophic poem called "The Flight of the Margarine", which in certain parts is extremely impressive. In others, however, it is spoilt by the ridiculous contrast effects which occur so frequently throughout the whole book. The opening lines for instance:—

In Kennington a pound of margarine
Lay on the lip of nature's frowning smile.

Or by effects of bathos:

Now even these vague images were gone
And still the margarine went on and on,

Remembering Mr. Madge's first book, one realizes that these tricks must be deliberate. It is as though he were ashamed of being a poet, that he hates art and seriousness, and so mocks and falsifies all he has to say. Suspecting, perhaps, that it may make him look a fool, he plays for safety by making what he says either unintelligible or else too ugly to be looked at twice. I often wondered why his last book was called *The Disappearing Castle*. Now, alas, I understand.

The Castle cannot quite have disappeared, however, or Mr. Madge would not still be writing. There is, in his new book, one whole fine poem called "Times", and many fragments. We can only hope that the force and fluidity of his earlier promise will reassert itself, and that something better may come of the present jangling conflict.

AUDREY BEECHAM

THE OCEAN. JAMES HANLEY. Faber. 7s. 6d.

SOME SOULS ARE so shot with terrors that they find reassurance in external violence. They must deny the shining sun, but in semi-darkness they can appreciate the light.

I have this impression of Hanley. The books that he wrote in peace were preoccupied with a gloom, which was a denial that any part of life could be good when so much was bad. The shame of poverty and unemployment, and the degradation of love into the grosser forms of lust blocked recognition of tenderness and humour, ecstasy or construction. With a diffuse but passionate imagination, Hanley pleaded the beastliness of modern

man and modern civilization. Yet because he ignored so much which made life not only tolerable, but exciting, beautiful, and good, his condemnation became rather the outcry of a bitterly unhappy man whose idealism was frustrated into pessimism.

The war has made the world objectively worse than anything which his imagination could picture. The horror of the Furys is dwarfed beside a "blitz" and Hitler makes Captain Bottell a saint. Yet writing of a small incident in this war, the escape of six men in a small boat from a torpedoed liner, Hanley concentrates not so much on horror and suffering (the norm of life in war), but on the bravery of two men, the sailor Curtain and the old priest Father Michaels.

Any story of this kind must of course be largely concerned with purely physical suffering, the endurance of fatigue, the torment of thirst, the boredom of the unending wastes of water. But Hanley has conveyed with great simplicity and an economy of words new to him, the dependence of all upon the sailor for knowledge, discipline, and will-power. It is his strength that keeps the boat moving, his order that rations food and water, his hope that sustains the others.

Hanley has chosen to write round the theme of the relations of the six men in the boat. Their characters are only briefly sketched. Each is summed up by a single incident in the past, Gaunt's wife, Michael's God, Benton's rowing on the Thames, and so on. The result is more like a morality than a psychological study. One may feel that the book would have gained in depth and power if the characters had been fuller. But it is unfair to criticize an author for choosing to write one sort of book instead of another. It is enough to say that within

the limits which Hanley has imposed, the novel is excellent, a restrained and often noble example of what men of the merchant service do and suffer daily in war.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

THE COTTAGE. CRICHTON PORTEOUS. Michael Joseph. 8s.

THIS IS THE first novel by the author of *Farmer's Creed* and *Teamsman*. It is laid in Lancashire during the middle of the last century, and describes the way a clerk in a cotton warehouse who also runs a farm is forced to leave the land and migrate to Manchester and the effect which the migration has on his family. It is a very simple, in fact over-simple, little story which relies for its effect on the evocation of that thrifty, pious, narrow but childlike world of Victorian provincialism. Your aunt will like it, because it will remind her of the childhood of her aunt. But I don't think that you will like it yourself. For one thing, though the story is so simple, the method of telling it is very complex. Read this sentence for example :—

"Mary was the first to see the house, even Martha Wisket, used to trusting all things to her husband, not having been since the Saturday afternoon when she had approved the site, an approval that had been taken as granted in advance, because Bertram had carried a draft of the deeds in his inside pocket."

The confusion of thought implicit in the grammar of that sentence is carried into the narrative. It makes transitions as bewildering as the cuts of a quota film, and where these transitions occur between the bottom of one page and the top of the next, you turn back and

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"Like a picnic," shouted Darkie, dancing.

"Pic-nic," repeated the tiny Fanny, looking up roguishly with grey-blue eyes. "Pic-nic."

A conversation of this sort is quite conceivable among children. The only objection to it in a novel is that it is bewilderingly dull. Similarly, the descriptions of nature are all circumstantial but inconsequential. Detail unless carefully selected obscures the vision instead of clarifying it; and the proportions of *The Cottage* are as marred by innumerable asides and verisimilitudes as Victorian drawing-rooms by whatnots and occasional tables.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

MEDIEVAL AUSTRIA. E. LEEPER. Oxford University Press. 21s.

THE LEAST INTELLECTUAL among us can chatter about France, knows something of Italy, even a few tales about Holland, but, except to the specialist, the story of the Austrian empire is a closed book. Yet it is essential to-day that we should understand something of its development. Nations develop slowly and the seeds of twentieth-century warfare were sown in the remote past. Unless we grasp something of the multitudinous conflicts of a land where Latin, Slav, and Turk have fought each other for generations, we are likely to get into a worse mess at any peace conference than we got into in 1919.

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The virtue of Mr. Leeper's work is its minute, careful presentation of masses of material. Fact follows carefully tested fact. It is a cautious volume, but hard, perhaps, for any but the specialist to read. The material is so interesting that such a method makes one impatient, we follow the changes from Roman occupation to barbarian tribes, from Magyar invasion to the Crusades, wishing that the author had tempered his austerity with the sharpness of a unifying idea. It resembles a huge notebook with every detail meticulously listed ; hard on the memory because we have not had the stimulus of actual work upon manuscripts, the way the sun fell upon a page or the tracing suddenly of an unexpected name, to keep it in our consciousness. Still, it is a treasure house of stories, the two Constantinople monks who tried, centuries too soon, to found a Slav church, using native dialects in place of Latin ; the vicissitudes of the charters. One had forgotten, too, that Austrian fortifications were built with English money.

The volume begins with a brief summary of the known facts about the early races of Austria, and ends in 1280. I found it of absorbing interest, but the general reader may find too few concessions are made to a natural desire for a little colour in his historical reading. The book, however, offers an excellent foundation to those who wish to study the development of Austria in medieval times. It is not within the scope of the present notice to query whether Mr. Leeper's views were not too narrow on the question of twelfth century politics in general.

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THE HABSBURG MONARCHY, 1815-1918. A. J. P. TAYLOR. Macmillan. 15s.

A NOTE on the jacket of this book says that it is the first connected history in any language of the last hundred years of the Habsburg monarchy, and to-day, when it is essential to know the history of Middle Europe, it is an excellent and valuable summary both for the student and the casual reader. The point of view is modern throughout, stressing the need to divide the peoples mentioned not into geographical units, but according to their general economic status.

Whilst it is certainly true that the German and Hungarian speaking majority were often unable to co-operate with less educated groups such as the Slovenes or the Croats, and that those who paid the heaviest taxation had more share in dictating national policy, we should also be careful not to over-colour this picture. It would be exact to say that we now lack bases in Ireland because of our attitude during the early part of the nineteenth century, and yet it would not be the whole story, so much on both sides would have to be omitted. Two factors seem essential in the consideration of Austrian history, the Thirty Years War and the Italian war of liberation. Mr. Taylor is aware of both and indicates their influence here and there but hardly with enough emphasis for the many readers who may have forgotten or read but little of these events. But his account of the more or less shadowy Parliament and of the constant struggle between the monarchy and the increasingly powerful nationalism of the many minorities, can only be recommended to everyone interested in current affairs. At the same time it is probable

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that every one of the many nationalities comprised in the empire will have its own particular criticism of Mr. Taylor's work. It is essential, however, that all English people should know something of the problems of central Europe whenever a peace settlement is discussed, and they will find this volume a helpful guide in an extremely intricate land.

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